

Edna May — Remarkable Romance of a Pretty New York Chorus Girl — A Duchess? — Who Has Won the Heart of the Future Duke of Devonshire



EDNA MAY TO BECOME THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE?

IS Edna May to become the Duchess of Devonshire? The statement that she will has been repeatedly made in London and cabled to this country.

It is based on the fact that the charming American burlesque prima donna is constantly seen in the society of Mr. Henry Sheppard Hart Cavendish, a cousin of the childless Duke of Devonshire.

Miss May admits that she is seeking a divorce from her husband, the bicycle rider, Fred J. Titus.

In an interview with the Journal correspondent in London yesterday she did not deny that she was engaged or might become engaged to Mr. Cavendish. It will be appreciated that Miss May might shrink from making a positive announcement at this stage.

IN stating that Edna May will by marriage become a prospective Duchess of Devonshire, the gossip jump somewhat swiftly at a final conclusion. It is true that Mr. Cavendish might become Duke of Devonshire, but there are a number of lives between him and that title. He is a near relative of Lord Waterpark, who is himself descended from a former Duke of Devonshire. There are only two lives between Mr. Cavendish and the present Lord Waterpark, and he is even more likely to inherit that title than the greater one of Duke of Devonshire.

It is proper to state, however, that many English dukedoms have descended to heirs who were further removed from the previous holders of the title than is Mr. H. S. H. Cavendish from the present Duke of Devonshire.

As Duchess of Devonshire, Edna May would reach a height which dazzles the ordinary imagination. There is no man in England, except the Prince of Wales, who holds so high a rank in the general estimation as the Duke of Devonshire. Compared to him the Duke of Marlborough is insignificant and the Duke of Manchester but an upstart. The Cavendishes look back upon three hundred years of vast wealth and unbroken political power.

The American burlesque actress would become not only Duchess of Devonshire, but Marchioness of Hartington, Countess of Devonshire, Countess of Burlington, Baroness Cavendish of Hardwicke, Baroness Cavendish of Kelghly, Baroness Chesham and Baroness Waterpark.

The possessions of the Cavendishes, Duke of Devonshire, are imperial. They include two hundred thousand acres of agricultural property in all three kingdoms, acres of houses in London, acres of mines and ship building yards in Lancashire.

Among the seats of the present Duke are Compton Place, Eastbourne; Chatsworth House, and Hardwicke Hall, in Derbyshire; Holkar Hall, in Westmoreland; Bolton Abbey, in Yorkshire; Devonshire House, in London; and Lismore Castle, County Waterford. Chatsworth is considered the most splendid country house in England.

The Duchess of Devonshire is the leader of London society. She is the widow of the late Duke of Manchester, and grandmother of the young scapgrace who lately proposed to Cleo de Merode. By her present husband the Duchess has no children.

Young Mr. H. S. H. Cavendish is interesting for himself alone. He is only twenty-three years old and recently made a very daring exploration of Somaliland, in Africa. When in London he is a liberal

said he would take the first steamer for London.

Five years ago Edna May was a ballet girl. Fred Titus was a champion American cyclist. He was the idol of the girls at every cycle meet. He received scores of notes on blue and pink paper at every hotel where he stayed. Now Edna May is a prima donna, the greatest American success of the year in London. She is the idol of Dukes and the heirs of Dukes. She receives love letters on stationery stamped with coronets and ducal seals and gifts of diamonds and checks of six figures and shares in African mines. Fred Titus has left the cycle track for the stage. He is a singer. He carries a spear very awkwardly. He sings badly.

He had a forlorn hope that he might find success on the stage as he had on the cycle track. There was something of satisfaction in belonging to the American duplicate of the company in which his wife was starring so luminously in England.

And now Fred Titus has given up even that hope of preferment. He is going to London, lured by the faintest hope of all, that of being reconciled to his beautiful wife, England's latest American idol.

Edna May was the daughter of E. C. Petty, a letter carrier in Syracuse. She was pretty and demure and had some talent for singing, but more for dancing. She was permitted to come to New York to study for the stage.

She was sixteen years old that May day when Mrs. Petty, stout, matronly, ambitious, brought her to New York. She had British peerage by a generation from now! never seen the big city. It frightened her.

EDNA MAY BLUSHINGLY SAYS:—

(By Cable to the Sunday Journal.)

"As to the report of my engagement to Mr. Cavendish, it is too absurd to discuss. I have not even yet got my divorce."

"Mr. Cavendish and I are dear friends. I met him in London soon after my arrival, and he was extremely kind to me. I came to London friendless, a stranger and a foreigner, and naturally feel very grateful to a gentleman of high social position and charming manners who endeavored to make things pleasant and cheerful for me. It is very painful to me to discuss the matter. I think there are some things which even people of the stage should be allowed to keep to themselves."

"I am bringing a divorce because I cannot agree with my husband. You see, I married at seventeen. I was self-willed and ran away from home. I don't think one is responsible for one's actions at seventeen."

"I have nothing to say against Mr. Titus."

Mr. Titus says he is going to London to contest the suit. "At least I am going over to see my mother, who is dying," he says. "Mother tried to make up with Edna for me, but she failed. I went over once myself, but it did no good. I'll try again. I don't know how it will end."

"Fred Titus has aged ten years since this talk about a divorce began," they are saying in cycling circles.

The cable last week has brought a brief interview with Edna May. "It is true that I have brought suit for a divorce from my husband, Fred Titus," she said.

The evening that Edna May gave the interview she went to a charming after-theatre supper with Mr. H. S. H. Cavendish, the Duke of Manchester, and an actress or two. The evening of the day when the interview was published Fred Titus's humble part in "The Belle of New York" was filled by another "super" at Middle-town, Conn. The ex-cycling champion had taken the first train for New York. He

cried on her mother's shoulder when that good woman set out for Syracuse.

Mrs. Petty had found a "comfortable and respectable" boarding house for her daughter. The landlady had a daughter of the same age as Miss Petty. The girls were friends at first. Later they became enemies. It was all on account of Fred Titus.

The cyclist was in the heyday of his glory. He had just won the hour record at the Springfield meet. He could ride faster in one hour than any wheelman in America. He was the idol of the hour, of the year—certainly of the girls. He had bestowed some of his cherished attentions upon Edna May's landlady's daughter. The landlady's daughter was proud and happy.

Fred Titus met Miss Petty. He transferred his attentions to the letter carrier's daughter. The girls quarrelled. The quarrel extended to their mothers.

Fred Titus and Edna May settled the difficulty after the fashion of young people who are in love. They married.

They lived in a pretty flat on Ninetieth street. Fred Titus went on winning honors on the track. He opened a bicycle store on the Boulevard. Edna Titus went on with the music and dancing lessons. Occasionally she "substituted" in a church choir. Fred Titus always went to church to hear his wife sing. That was a very happy time, five years ago. Edna May was known to fame only as Fred Titus's wife. Both she and the cyclist were quite content with that.

The singing and dancing lessons progressed very well. Mrs. Titus wearied of using her sweet voice only. She wanted to use those nimble feet of hers as well.

"The dancing lessons have cost so much we ought to get our money back, Fred, dear," she said.

So Mrs. Titus made her debut. It was in a tiny bit of a part in "Santa Maria" at Hammerstein's. Then she joined White's Farce and Comedy Company in "A Contented Woman."

"Then she joined the chorus of 'The Belle of New York' at the Casino. The star whom Mr. Lederer had engaged for the leading part disappointed him at the last moment. She had joined fortunes with another manager. Mr. Lederer was in despair. He looked hurriedly over the chorus to find a girl who 'might fill the part for a night or two until he could find some one to play it.'"

He noted the pink and white, vestal-like prettiness of Fred Titus's wife.

"Who is she?" he asked the stage manager.

"Nobody much," was the truthful reply.

COMPTON PLACE
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S ESTATE.

a wheelman who was "blowing up" a tire. "She'll be back in two weeks, dead sure. Don't worry, Fred," he went on, with good natured density.

Fred Titus walked out, hanging his head ruefully. Luck had been against him on the track for many months. The winter's success at the Casino had given to him a new title. He was known to fame now as "Edna May's husband."

But this is a record of Edna May's successes.

The difference between a wise woman and a fool is that the wise woman grasps her opportunity. Fred Titus's wife proved that she was not a fool. But fools are ever the happier.

The rest of the story is a record of Edna May's successes. They followed each other as a shower of meteors.

No new star was engaged for "The Belle of New York." Edna May's "Violet Grey" was good enough for the best.

"Admirable! Charming! Bewitching!" said the critics.

Then "The Belle of New York" sailed away to capture London. Fred Titus watched the big American fluer as she sailed out of the harbor. He watched her from the cycling office in the St. Paul Building until the vessel was a mere speck on the horizon, and again until the speck melted into nothingness.

He thrust his hands into his pockets and tried to whistle. The attempt failed miserably.

"I wish the boat would break down before the day is over," he said. "I feel as though she is going away forever."

"That's the best boat on the line," said

Edna May's photographs appeared in all the shop windows.

Diamonds were thrown upon the stage by admirers of both sexes.

A South African mining company sent her shares to the amount of \$25,000. Such firms as this began to appear in the London society papers.

"On Sunday next Miss Edna May entertains His Grace of Manchester, Mr. Cavendish and several others at dinner at her flat in St. Ermin's Mansions."

"The Prince of Wales was introduced to her."

She wrote a book on her Impressions of London society.

She had tea with countesses at the Prince's Skating Club, and supper after the theatre with dukes at the Grafton Supper Club, one of the most aristocratic clubs in London. She drove in Hyde Park with duchesses.

The children of the nobility impersonated her at their parties.

The Cavendishes, who control the Lyric Theatre, offered to star her there.

Young H. S. H. Cavendish appeared often in her society. Their names were linked by good natured gossip.

Edna May in London has shown herself refined in manners and circumspect in behavior. She lives with her mother. She is a paragon to burlesque actresses in many respects.

In October Fred Titus went to London. He was gone but two weeks. When he returned his spirits were at zero. He was known more than ever as "Edna May's husband."

When his friends of the track asked him why he had returned so soon he shrugged his shoulders, though his face was radiant.

"She sent me back, boys," he admitted.

Fred Titus's ambition for cycle championships was gone.

He said he would go upon the stage. He thought his wife would be pleased if he succeeded. He joined the American "Belle of New York" company. He began in the chorus, of course. So his wife had done. His stage career was interrupted by the notice that his wife had brought suit for divorce.

PASTEUR SHOWS WHY MICROBES ARE HARD TO KILL.

THE extraordinary propagating power of the microbe has been shown by a recent interesting experiment by Pasteur. He took a single drop of blood from a fowl which had died of chicken cholera and immersed it in a bowl of chicken broth, which had been previously cleared of microbes by bringing it to a temperature of 232 degrees, Fahr.

The broth was then kept at a temperature of about 80 degrees, and in about a couple of days became thick. This thickness was due solely to the millions of virulent microbes which, in this short time, had bred from the single drop of contaminated blood. This was bad, but worse was to follow.

From this first broth a single drop was taken and in like manner placed in a second bowlful of pure broth, which had been treated in precisely the same way as the

first. From the second bowlful a similar solitary drop was placed in a third, from the third in a fourth, and so on until in all five hundred separate operations had been gone through.

Then, when after all these innumerable waterings down, the five hundredth mixture was tested for strength, the resulting poison proved to every one's amazement every whit as virulent as the original drop of chicken's blood with which the experiment was started.

He next disinterred the remains of some animals which, twelve years before, had been buried in deep pits owing to their death from the dreaded anthrax, or spleen fever. Despite this long period of incineration, the descendants of the germ which had originally killed the animals were as deadly as ever.